

Some by maturing, some by germination

When he had gone through all sorts of asceticism,
when he lay wasting in the gutter,
when he was being nursed by a whore
who sold herself more often now to cover the expenses,
it gradually dawned on him that possibly,
just about possibly,
a living body is not meant for us to harm it.

When he had gone through all sorts of ideas,
when he was sitting under a tree,
still recovering,
although not by his own merit,
it gradually dawned on him that possibly,
just about possibly,
a living mind's not meant for us to harm it either.

When he had spoken all sorts of words,
when he was surrounded by the many,
when transmission seemed desirable,
he, who does not cause death, picked a flower,
and nobody took any notice.
Yet when he slowly turned the wilting flower by the stem,
suddenly one of them smiled.

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One never really knows in advance which way it is going to happen,
nor how much will be needed
to welcome the banality of ordinary day light.

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Rain, falling for days.
Drops show the roof is leaking.
Frogs watch from the pond.

Burst pomegranate.
Sparrows busy everywhere.
Red seeds in the soil.

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